

THE
MERRY
MUSES
OF
CALEDONIA;

A COLLECTION OF
FAVOURITE SCOTS SONGS,
Ancient and Modern;

SELECTED FOR USE OF THE
CROCHALLAN FENCIBLES.

Say, Puritan, can it be wrong,
To dress plain truth in witty song ?
What honest Nature says, we should do,
What every lady does,-or would do.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

1799

THE
MERRY MUSES.

THE FORNICATER.

TUNE,-Clout the Cauldron.

YOU Jovial boys who love the joys,
The blessfu' joys of lovers;
An' dare avow't wi daintless brow,
Whate'er the lass discovers;
I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
An' welcome in a frater,
I've lately been on quarantine,
A proven Fornicator.
Before the congregation wide,
I past the muster fairly;
My handsome Betsey by my side,
We gat our ditty rarely.

My downcast eye, by chance did spy,
 What made my mouth to water,
 Those lambs sae clean, where I between
 Commencèd Fornicator.
 Wi' ruefu' face and signs o' grace,
 I paid the buttock hire;
 The night was dark, and thro the park
 I cou'dna but convoy her;
 A parting kiss, what cou'd I less,
 My vows began to scatter;
 Sweet Betsey fell, fal lal de ral!
 I am a Fornicator.
 But, by the sun an' moon I swear,
 An' I'll fulfil ilk hair o't,
 That while I own a single crown,
 She's welcome to a share o't;
 My rogish boy, his mother's joy,
 An' darling of his pater,
 I for his sake the name will take,
 A harden'd Fornicator.

I REDE YOU BEWARE O' THE RIPPLES.

TUNE --The Taylor's faun thro' the bed, &c.

I REDE you beware o' the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man;
Tho' the saddle be saft, ye needna ride aft,
For fear that the girdin' beguile ye, young man.
I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
I rede you, &c.

Tho' music be pleasure, tak' music in measure;
Or ye may want win' i' your whistle, young man.
I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
I rede you, &c.

Whate'er ye bestow, do less than ye dow,
The mair will be thought o' your kindness young
man.

I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man;
Gif you wad be strang, and wish to live lang,
Dance less wi' your a -- e to the kipples, young man.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

THE bonny lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
And ay the welcomer ye'll be,
The farther ben, the farther ben.
And she has it written in her contract
To lie her lane, to lie her lane;
And I hae written in my contract
To claw her wame, to claw her wame.

The bonny lass o' Liviston,
 She's berry brown, she's berry brown;
 An' ye winna true her lovely locks,
 Gae farther down, gae farther down.
 She has a black and a rolling eye,
 And a dimplit chin, and a dimplit chin;
 And no to prie her rosy lips,
 Wad be a sin, wad be a sin.
 The bonny lass o' Liviston,
 Cam in to me, cam in to me;
 I wat wi' baith ends o' the busk,
 I made me free, I made me free.
 I laid her feet to my bed-stock,
 Her head to the wa', her head to the wa';
 And I gied her her wi' coat in her teeth,
 Her sark an a', her sark an a'.

SHE'S HOY'D ME OUT
 O' LAUDERDALE.

THERE liv'd a lady in Lauderdale,
 She lo'ed a fiddler fine;

She lo'ed him in her chamber,
 She held him in her mind;
 She made his bed at her bed-stock,
 She said he was her brither;
 But she's hoy'd him out o' Lauderdale,
 His fiddle and a' thegither.
 First when I cam to Lauderdale,
 I had a fiddle gude,
 My sounding-pin stood like the aik
 That grows in Lauder-wood;
 But now my sounding-pin's gaen down,
 And tint the foot forever;
 She's hoy'd me out o' Lauderdale,
 My fiddle and a' thegither.
 First when I came to Lauderdale,
 Your Ladyship can declare,
 I play'd a bow, a noble bow,
 As e'er was strung wi' hair:
 But, dow'na do's come o'er me now,
 And your Ladyship winna consider;

She's hoy'd me out o' Lauderdale,
My fiddle and a' thegither.

ANNA.

TUNE-The Banks of Banna.

YESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na';
Yestreen lay on this breast of mine,
The raven locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew, in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss,
Upon the lips of Anna.
Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah;
Gie me within my straining grasp,
The melting form of Anna.
Then I'll despise Imperial charms,
An Empress or Sultana;

While dying raptures in her arms,
I give and take with Anna.
Awa thou flaunting God of Day!
Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray,
When I'm to meet my Anna.
Come in thy raven-plumage night,
Sun, moon and stars withdrawn a'
An' bring an angel-pen to write,
My transports wi' my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT BY ANOTHER HAND.

The kirk and state may join and tell;
To do sic things I manna:
The kirk and state may gae to h---ll,
An' I shall gae to Anna.
She is the sunshine o' my ee',
To live but her I canna:
Had I on earth but wishes three,
The first should be my Anna.

ERROCK BRAE.

TUNE-Sir Alex. Don's Strathspey.

O ERROCK stane, may never maid,
A maiden by thee gae;
Nor e'er a stane o' stanin' graith,
Gae stanin' o'er the brae,
And tillin' Errock brae, young man,
An tillin' Errock brae,
An open fur an stanin' graith,
Maun till the Errock brae.
As I sat by the Errock stane,
Surveying far and near,
Up cam a Cameronian,
Wi' a' his preaching gear.
And tillin', &c.
He flang the Bible o'er the brae,
Amang the rashy gerse;

But the solemn league and covenant
He laid below my a -- se.
And tillin', &c.

But on the edge of Errock brae,
He gae me sic a sten,
That o'er, and o'er, and o'er we row'd,
Till we cam to the glen.
And tillin', &c.

Yet still his p----e held the grip,
And still his b-----s hang;
That a Synod cou'd na tell the a -- e
To whom they did belang.
And tillin', &c.

A Prelate he louns on before,
A Catholic behin',
But gie me a Cameronian,
He'll m - w a body blin'.
And tillin', &c.

OUR GUDEWIFE'S SAE MODEST.

TUNE-John Anderson, my jo.

OUR gudewife's sae modest,
When she is set at meat,
A laverock's leg, or a tittling's wing,
Is mair than she can eat:
But, when she's in her bed at e'en,
Between me and the wa';
She is a glutton deevil,
She swallows c -- s and a'.

SAME TUNE.

MY auntie Jean held to the shore,
As Ailsa boats cam back;
And she has coft a feather-bed
For twenty and a plack;
And in it she wan fifty mark,
Before a tomond sped;
O! what a noble bargain
Was auntie Jeanie's bed!

WAD YE DO THAT.

TUNE-John Anderson, my jo.

GUDEWIFE when your gudeman's frae hame,
Might I but be sae bauld,
As come to your bed-chamber,
When winter nights are cauld;
As come to your bedchamber,
When nights are cauld and wat;
And lie in your gudeman's stead,
Wad ye do that?

Young man an ye should be so kind,
When our gudeman's frae hame,
As come to my bed-chamber,
Where I am laid my lane;
And lie in our gudeman's stead,
I will tell you what,
He f---s me five times ilka night,
Wad ye do that?

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

PUT butter in my Donald's brose,
 For weel does Donald fa' that;
 I loe my Donald's tartans weel,
 His naked a - - e, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 The lassie gat a skelpit doup,
 But wan the day for a' that.
 For Donald swore a solemn aith
 By his first hairy gravat!
 That he wad fight the battle there,
 And stick the lass, and a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

His hairy b-----s, side and wide,
 Hang like a beggar's wallet;
 A p----e like a roaring-pin,
 She nicher'd when she saw that!!!
 For a' that, &c.

Then she turn'd up her hairy c -- t,
 And she bade Donald claw that:
 The deevil's dizzen Donald drew,
 And Donald gied her a' that.
 And a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that;
 The lassie gat a skelpit doup,
 But wan the day for a' that.

MUIRLAND MEG.

TUNE-Eppy Macnab.

AMANG our young lassies there's muirlan' Meg,
 She'll beg or she work, and she'll play or she beg;
 At thretteen her maidenhead flew to the gate,
 And the door o' her cage stands open yet.
 And for a sheep-cloot she'll do't, she'll do't,
 And for a sheep-cloot, &c.

And for a toop-horn, she'll do't to the morn,
And merrily turn and do't and do't.
Her kittle black een they wad thirl ye thro',
Her rose-bud lips cry kiss me just now;
The curls and links o' her bonny black hair,
Wad put you in mind, that the lassie has mair.
And for, &c.

An armfu' o' love is her bosom sae plump;
A span o' delight is her middle sae jimp;
A taper white leg, and a thumpin thie,
And a fiddle near by, can ye play a wee?
And for, &c.

Love's her delight, and kissing's her treasure,
She'll stick at nae price, an ye gie her good measure;

As lang's a sheep-fit an as girt's a goose egg.
O that's the measure o' muirlan' Meg.
And for a sheep's cloot, &c.

YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.
TUNE-Up an' waur them a Willie.

YE hae lien wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang;
Ye've lien in some unco bed,
And wi' some unco man.
Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
Ye're greener than the grass, lassie,
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet deil an inch the less lassie.
Ye hae lien, &c.
Ye've loot the pounie o'er the dyke,
And he's been in the corn, lassie;
For ay the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them or the morn, lassie.
Ye hae lien, &c.

Fu' lightly lap ye o'er the knowe,
 And thro' the wood ye sang, lassie;
 But herryin' o' the foggie byke,
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.
 Ye hae lien, &c.

THE PATRIARCH.

TUNE-The auld cripple Dow.

AS honest Jacob on a night,
 Wi' his beloved beauty,
 Was duly laid on wedlock's bed,
 And noddin' at his duty.
 Tal de dal, &c.
 "How lang, she says, ye fumblin' wretch
 "Will ye be f----g at it?
 "My eldest wean might die of age,
 "Before that ye could get it.
 Ye pegh, and grane, and groazle there
 And mak an unco splutter,

And I maun ly and thole you here,
 "And fient a hair the better.
 Then he, in wrath, put up his graith,
 "The deevil's in the hizzie!
 I m - w you as I m - w the lave,
 "And night and day I'm bisy.
 I've bairn'd the servant gypsies baith,
 "Forbye your titty Leah;
 Ye barren jad, ye put me mad,
 "What mair can I do wi you.
 There's ne'er a m - w I've gi'en the lave,
 "But ye h'ae got a dizzen;
 And d--n'd a ane ye'se get again,
 "Altho' your c -- t should gizzen."
 Then Rachel calm, as ony lamb,
 She claps him on the waulies,
 Quo' she, "ne'er fash a woman's clash,
 "In trowth, ye m - w me braulies.

"My dear 'tis true, for mony a m - w,
 "I'm your ungratefu' debtor;
 "But ance again, I dinna ken,
 "We'll aiblens happen better."
 Then honest man! wi' little wark,
 He soon forgat his ire;
 The patriarch, he coost the sark,
 And up and till't like fire!!!

WILL YE NA CAN YE NA LET ME BE.
 TUNE-I ha'e laid a herrin' in sa't.

THERE liv'd a wife in Whistle-cockpen
 Will ye na can ye na let me be;
 She brews gude yill for gentleman,
 And ay she waggit it wantonlie.
 The night blew sair wi' wind and weet,
 Will ye na, &c.
 She shaw'd the traveller ben to sleep,
 And ay, &c.

She saw a sight below his sark,
Will ye na, &c.
She wadna wanted it for a mark,
And ay, &c.
She saw a sight aboon his knee,
Will ye na, &c.
She wad na wanted it, for three,
And ay, &c.
O whare live ye, and what's your trade?
Will ye na, &c.
I am a thresher gude, he said,
And ay, &c.
And that's my flail and workin' graith,
Will ye na, &c.
And noble tools, quo' she, by my faith!
And ay, &c.
I wad gie a browst, the best I hae,
Will ye na, &c.

For a gude darge o' graith like thae,
 And ay, &c.
 I wad sell the hair frae aff my tail,
 Will ye na, &c.
 To buy our Andrew siccan a flail,"
 And ay, &c.

THE CASE OF CONSCIENCE.
 TUNE-Auld Sir Symon the king.

I'LL tell you a tale of a wife,
 And she was a whig and a saunt;
 She liv'd a most sanctified life,
 But whyles she was fash'd wi' her c -- t.
 Poor woman, she gaed to the priest,
 And to him she made her complaint;
 There's naithing that troubles my breast
 Sae sair as the sins o' my c -- t.
 He bade her to clear up her brow,
 And no be discourag'd upon't,

For haly gude women enow,
 Are mony times waur'd wi' their c -- t.
 It's nocht but Beelzebub's art,
 And that's the mair sign of a saunt;
 He ken's that ye're pure at the heart,
 So he levels his darts at your c -- t.
 But you that is called and free,
 Elekit an' chosen a saunt,
 Wilt break the eternal decree,
 Whatever ye do wi' your c -- t.
 And now, with a sanctifi'd kiss,
 Let's kneel and renew the cov'nant,
 It's this *** and it's this *** and its this ***,
 That settles the pride o' your c -- t.
 Devotion blew up to a flame,
 Nae words can do justice upon't;
 The honest auld carlin gaed hame,
 Rejoicin' and clawin her c -- t.

Then high to her memory charge,
And may he wha taks it affront,
Still ride in love's channel at large,
But never mak port in a c - - t.

THE TROGGER.

TUNE-Gillicrankie.

AS I cam down by Annan side,
Intending for the border,
Amang the Scroggie banks and braes,
Wha met I but a trogger.
He laid me down upon my back,
I thought he was but jokin',
Till he was in me to the hilts,
O the deevil tak sic troggin!
What could I say, what could I do,
I bann'd and sair misca'd him,
But whiltie-whaltie gae'd his a -- e
The mair that I forbade him:
He stell'd his foot against a stane,
And doubl'd ilka stroke in,

Till I gaed daft amang his hands,
 O the deevil tak sic troggin!
 Then up we raise, and took the road.
 And in by Ecclefechan,
 Where the brandy-stoup we gart it clink,
 And the strang-beer ream the quech in.
 Bedown the bents o' Bonshaw braes,
 We took the partin' yokin';
 But I've claw'd a sairy c -- t synsine,
 O the deevil tak' sic troggin!

THE REEL O' STUMPIE.

WAP and row, wap and row,
 Wap and row the feetie o't;
 I thought I was a maiden fair,
 Till I heard the greetie o't.
 My daddie was a fiddler fine,
 My minnie she made mantie O,
 And I mysel a thumpin quean,
 And try'd the reel of stumpie O.

Lang kail, pease and leeks,
 They were at the kirst' nin' o't,
 Lang lads wanton breeks,
 They were at the getting o't.
 Wap and row, &c.

The Bailie he gaed farthest ben,
 Mess John was ripe and ready o't;
 But the Sherra had a wanton fling,
 The Sherra was the daddie o't.
 Wap an' row, &c.

GODLY GIRZIE.

TUNE-Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

THE night it was a haly night,
 The day had been a haly day;
 Kilmarnock gleam'd wi' candle light,
 As Girzie hameward took her way.
 A man o' sin, ill may he thrive!
 And never haly-meeting see!
 Wi' godly Girzie met belyve,
 Amang the Cragie hills sae hie.

The chiel' was wight, the chiel' was stark
 He wad na wait to chap nor ca',
 And she was faint wi' haly wark,
 She had na pith to say him na.
 But ay she glowr'd up to the moon,
 And ay she sigh'd most piouslie;
 "I trust my heart's in heaven aboon,
 "Whare'er your sinfu' p----e be."

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

GREEN grow the rashes, O,
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 The lassies they hae wimble-bores,
 The widows they hae gashes, O.
 O wat ye ought o' fisher Meg,
 And how she trow'd the webster, O,
 She loot me see her carrot c -- t,
 And sell'd it for a labster, O,
 Green, &c.

Mistress Mary cow'd her thing,
Because she wad be gentle, O,
And span the fleece upon a rock,
To waft a Highland mantle, O.
Green, &c.

An' heard ye o' the coat o' arms,
The Lyon brought our lady, O,
The crest was, couchant, sable c - - t,
The motto, "ready, ready," O,
Green, &c.

An' ken ye Leezie Lundie, O,
The godly Leezie Lundie, O,
She m -- s like reek thro' a' the week,
But finger f---s on Sunday, O.
Green, &c.

AN OLDER EDITION.

GREEN grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O;

The sweetest bed that e'er I got,
 Was the bellies o' the lassies, O.
 Twas late yestreen I met wi' ane,
 And vow but she was gentle, O;
 Ae han' she pat to my gravat,
 The tither to my p---e, O.
 Green, &c.

I dought na speak, yet was na fly'd,
 My heart play'd duntie, duntie, O.
 A' ceremonie laid aside,
 I fairly faund her c---e O.
 Green, &c.

CUDDIE THE COOPER.

TUNE-Bonny Dundee.

THERE was a cooper they ca'd him Cuddy,
 He was the best cooper that ever I saw;
 He cam to girth our landlady's tubbie,
 He bang'd her buttocks again the wa'.

Cooper quo' she, hae ye ony mony ?
The deevil a penny, quo' Cuddy, at a'!
She took out her purse, an' she gied him a guinea
For banging her buttocks again the wa'.

THE JOLLY GAUGER.

TUNE-We'll gang nae mair a rovin'.

THERE was a jolly gauger, a gauging he did ride,
And he has met a beggar down by yon river side.
An weel gang nae mair a rovin' wi ladies to the
wine,
When a beggar wi' her meal-pocks can fidge her tail
sae fine.
Amang the broom he laid her; amang the broom sae
green,
And he's fa'n to the beggar, as she had been a queen.
And weel gang, &c.

My blessings on thee laddie, thou's done my turn sae
weel,

Wilt thou accept, dear laddie, my pock and pickle
meal?

And weel, &c.

Sae blyth the beggar took the bent, like ony bird in
spring,

Sae blyth the beggar took the bent, and merrily did
sing.

And weel, &c.

My blessings on the gauger, o' gaugers he's the
chief.

Sic kail ne'er crost my kettle, nor sic a joint o' beef.

And weel, &c.

NINE INCH WILL PLEASE A LADY.

TUNE-The Quaker's wife.

Come rede me dame, come tell me, dame,

My dame, come tell me truly,

What length o' graith, when weel ca'd hame,
 Will sair a woman duly?
 The carlin clew her wanton tail,
 Her wanton tail sae ready;
 I learn't a sang in Annandale,
 Nine inch will please a lady.
 But for a coontrie c - - t like mine,
 In sooth we're nae sae gentle;
 We'll tak' twa thumb-bread to the nine,
 And that's a sonsie p----e.
 O leeze me on my Charlie-lad!
 I'll ne'er forget my Charlie!
 Twa roarin handfu' and a daud,
 He nidge't it in fu' rarely.
 But weary fa' the laithern doup,
 And may it ne'er ken thrivin;
 It's no the length that gars me loup,
 But its the double drivin'.
 Come nidge me Tam, come nodge me Tam,
 Come nidge me o'er the nyvle;

Come louse and lug your batterin' ram
And thrash him at my gyvel.

HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME.
TUNE-Highland Hills.

HAD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
Had I the wyte she bad me;
For she was steward in the house,
And I was fit-man laddie;
And when I wadna' do't again,
A silly cow she ca'd me;
She straik't my head, and clapt my cheeks
And lous'd my breeks and bad me.
Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame deny her;
Or in the bed was I to blame,
She bad me lye beside her:
I pat six inches in her wame,
A quarter wadna fly'd her;
For ay the mair I ca'd it hame,
Her ports they grew the wider.

My tartan plaid, when it was dark,
 Could I refuse to share it;
 She lifted up her holland-sark,
 And bad me fin' the gair o't:
 Or how could I amang the garse,
 But gie her hilt and hair o't;
 She clasp'd her houghs about my a - - e,
 And ay she glowr'd for mair o't.

ELLIBANKS.

TUNE-Gillicrankie.

ELLIBANKS and Ellibraes,
 My blessin's ay befa' them,
 Tho' I wish I had brunt a' my claes,
 The first time e'er I saw them:
 Your succar kisses were sae sweet,
 Deil d--n me gin I ken, man,
 How ye gart me lay my legs aside,
 And lift my sark mysel, man.
 There's no a lass in a' the land,
 Can f - - k sae weel as I can

Louse down your breeks, lug out your wand,
 Hae ye nae mind to try, man:
 For ye're the lad that wears the breeks,
 And I'm the lass that loes ye;
 Deil rive my c -- t to candle-wicks,
 Gi'f ever I refuse ye!!!
 I'll clasp my arms about your neck,
 As souple as an eel, jo;
 I'll cleek my houghs about your a -- e,
 As I were gaun to speel jo:
 I'll cleek my houghs about your a -- e,
 As I were gaun to speel, jo;
 And if Jock thief he should slip out,
 I'll ding him wi' my heel, jo.
 Green be the broom on Ellibraes,
 And yellow be the gowan!
 My wame it fistles ay like flaes,
 As I come o'er the knowe, man:
 There I lay glowran to the moon,
 Your mettle wadna daunton,

For hard your hurdles hotch'd aboon,
While I below lay panting.

COMIN' O'ER THE HILLS O' COUPAR.
TUNE-Ruffian's rant.

COMIN' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar,
Donald in a sudden wrath
He ran his Highland durk into her.
Donald Brodie met a lass,
Comin' o'er the hills o' Coupar;
Donald wi' his Highland hand
Graipit a' the bits about her.
Comin' o'er, &c.

Weel I wat she was a quine,
Wad made a body's mouth to water;
Our Mess John, we's auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her.
Comin' o'er, &c.

Up she started in a fright,
Thro' the braes what she could bicker:
Let her gang, quo' Donald, now,
For in him's nerse my shot is sicker.
Comin' o'er &c.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

JENNY sits up i' the laft,
Jockie wad fain a been at her;
But there cam a wind out o' the west
Made a' the winnocks to clatter.
O gie my love brose, lasses;
O gie my love brose and butter;
For nane in Carrick wi' him
Can gie a c -- t its supper.
The laverock lo'es the grass,
The paetrick lo'es the stibble:
And hey, for the gardiner lad,
To gully awa wi' his dibble!
O gie, &c.

My daddie sent me to the hill
To pu' my minnie some heather:
An drive it in your fill,
Ye're welcome to the leather.
O gie, &c.

The Mouse is a merry wi' beast,
The Moudiewart wants the een;
And o' for a touch o' the thing,
I had in my nieve yestreen.
O gie, &c.

We a' were four yestreen,
The night shall be its brither:
And hey, for a roaring pin
To nail twa wames thegither!
O gie, &c.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

COMIN' thro' the rye, my jo,
An' comin' thro' the rye;

She fand a slaun o' staunin graith
Comin' thro' the rye.
O gin a body meet a body,
Comin thro the rye;
Gin a body f--k a body,
Need a body cry.
Comin', &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the glen;
Gin a body f--k a body,
Need the warld ken.
Comin', &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the grain;
Gin a body f--k a body,
C---s a body's ain.
Comin, &c.

Gin a body meet a body,
By a body's sel.

What na body f---s a body,
Wad a body tell.
Comin', &c.

Mony a body meets a body,
They dare na weel avow;
Mony a body f---s a body,
Ye wad na think it true.
Comin', &c.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

TUNE-Logan water.

WHILST others to thy bosom rise,
And paint the glories of thine eyes,
Or bid thy lips and cheeks disclose,
The unfading bloom of Eden's rose,
Less obvious charms my song inspire,
Which fell, not fear we most admire,
Less obvious charms, not less divine,
I sing that lovely bower of thine.

Rich gem! worth India's wealth alone,
 How much pursued how little known;
 Tho' rough its face, tho' dim its hue,
 It soils the lustre of Peru.
 The vet'ran such a prize to gain,
 Might all the toils of war sustain:
 The devotee forsake his shrine,
 To venerate that bower of thine.
 When the stung heart feels keen desire,
 And through each vein pours liquid fire:
 When with flush'd cheeks and burning eyes,
 Thy lover to thy bosom flies;
 Believe, dear maid, believe my vow,
 By Venus' self, I swear, 'tis true!
 More bright the higher beauties shine,
 Illum'd by that strange bower of thine,
 What thought sublime, what lofty strain
 Its wond'rous virtues can explain?
 No place howe'er remote, can be
 From its intense attraction free:

Tho' more elastic far than steel,
 It's force ten thousand needles feel;
 Pleas'd their high temper to resign,
 In that magnetic bower of thine.
 Irriguous vale, embrown'd with shades,
 Which no intrinsic storm pervades!
 Soft clime, where native summer glows
 And nectar's living current flows!
 Not Tempe's vale, renown'd of yore,
 Of charms could boast such endless store
 More than Elysian sweets combine,
 To grace that smiling bower of thine.
 O may no rash invader stain,
 Love's warm, sequestered virgin fane!
 For me alone let gentle fate,
 Preserve the dear august retreat!
 Along its banks when shall I stray?
 Its beauteous landscape when survey?
 How long in fruitless anguish pine,
 Nor view unvail'd that bower of thine.

O! let my tender, trembling hand,
The awful gate of life expand!
With all its wonders feast my sight;
Dear prelude to immense delight!
Till plung'd in liquid joy profound,
The dark unfathom'd deep I sound;
All panting on thy breast recline,
And murmuring bliss that bower of thine.

AS I CAM O'ER THE CAIRNEY MOUNT.

AS I cam o'er the Cairney mount,
And down amang the blooming heather,
The Highland laddie drew his durk,
And sheath'd it in my wanton leather.
O my bonnie, bonnie Highland lad,
My handsome charming Highland laddie;
When I am sick and like to die,
He'll row me in his Highland plaiddie.
With me he play'd his warlike pranks,
And on me boldly did adventure,

He did attack me on both flanks,
And push'd me fiercely in the centre.
O my bonnie, &c.

A furious battle then began,
Wi' equal courage and desire,
Altho' he struck me three to one,
I stood my ground and receiv'd his fire.
O my bonnie, &c.

But our ammunition being spent,
And we quite out o' breath an' sweating,
We did agree with ae consent,
To fight it out at the next meeting.
O my bonnie, &c.

SUPPER IS NA READY.
TUNE-Clout the Cauldron.

ROSEBERRY to his lady says,
"My hinnie and my succour.
"O shall we do the thing you ken,
Or shall we take our supper.
Fal lal, &c.

Wi' modest face, sae fu' o' grace,
Replied the bonny lady;
"My noble lord do as ye please,
"But supper is na ready."
Fal lal, &c.

YON, YON, YON, LASSIE.
TUNE-Ruffian's rant.

O YON, yon, yon, lassie,
Yon, yon, yon;
I never met a bonie lass
But what wad play at yon.
I never saw a silken gown
But I wad kiss the sleeve o't;
I never met a maidenhead
That I wad spier the leave o't.
Yon, yon, &c.
Tell nae me, o' Meg my wife,
That crowdie has na savour
But gie to me a bonie lass
An' let me steal the favour.
O yon, yon, &c.

Gie me her I kis't yestreen,
I vow but she was handsome,
For ilka birss upon her c - - t
Was worth a royal ransom.
An' yon, yon, yon, lassie,
Yon, yon, yon,
I never saw a bonie lass
But what wad do yon.

THE YELLOW YELLOW YORLIN.

TUNE-Bonnie beds of roses.

It fell on a day, in the flow'ry month o May,
All on a merry merry mornin',
I met a pretty maid, an' unto her I said,
I wad fain fin' your yellow yellow yorlin'.
O no, young man, says she, you're a stranger to me,
An' I am anither man's darlin,

Wha has baith sheep an' cows, that's feedin' in the
hows,

An' a cock for my yellow yellow yorlin'.

But, if I lay you down upon the dewy ground,

You wad nae be the waur ae farthing;

An' that happy, happy man, he never cou'd ken

That I play'd wi' your yellow yellow yorlin'.

O fie, young man, says she, I pray you let me be,

I wad na for five pound sterling;

My mither wad gae mad, an' sae wad my dad,

If you play'd wi' my yellow yellow yorlin'.

But I took her by the waist, an' laid her down in
haste,

For a her squakin' an' squalin';

The lassie soon grew tame, an' bade me come again
For to play wi' her yellow yellow yorlin'.

THE SUMMER MORN.

TUNE-Push about the jorum.

When maukin-bucks at early f--ks,
In dewy glens are seen, Sir
When birds, on boughs, tak aff their mows
Amang the leaves sae green, Sir;
Latona's son, looks, liquorish, on
Dame nature's grand impêtus,
Till his pego rise, then westward flies,
To r - ger Madam Thetis.
Yon' wand'ring rill that marks the hill,
An' glances o'er the brae, Sir,
Slides by a bower, where mony a flower
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir:
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
To love they thought nae crime, Sir,

The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon's a -- e beat time, Sir.
 First, wi' the thrush, his thirst and push,
 Had compass large and long, Sir;
 The blackbird next, his tunefu' text
 Was bolder, clear and strong, Sir:
 The linnet's lay came then in play,
 An' the lark that soar'd aboon, Sir;
 Till Damon, fierce, mistim'd his a -- e,
 An' f--k'd quite out o' tune, Sir.

SHE GRIPET AT THE GIRTEST O'T.
 TUNE-East nook of Fife.

OUR bride flate, and our bride flang,
 But lang before the laverock sang,
 She pay't him twice for every bang,
 And gripet at the girtest o't.
 Our bride turn'd her to the wa',
 But lang before the cock did craw,

She took him by the b----ks and a',
And gripet at the girttest o't.

WHA'LL M - W ME NOW.
TUNE-Comin' thro' the rye.

O WHALL m - w me now, my jo,
An' wha'll m - w me now:
A sodger wi' his bandileers
Has bang'd my belly fu'.
O' I hae tint my rosy cheek,
Likewise my waste sae sma';
O wae gae by the sodger lown,
The sodger did it a'.
An' wha'll, &c.

Now I maun thole the scornfu' sneer
O' mony a' saucy quine;
When, curse upon her godly face!
Her c---t's as merry's mine.
An' wha'll, &c.

Our dame hauds up her wanton tail
As due as she gaes lie;
An' yet misca's a young thing,
The trade if she but try.
An' wha'll, &c.

Our dame can lae her ain gudeman,
An' m - w for glutton greed;
An' yet misca's a poor thing
That's m---n' for its bread.
An' wha'll, &c.

Alake! sae sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alake, that e'er a merry a -- e,
Should draw a sa'tty tear.
An' wha'll, &c.

But deevil damn the lousy loun,
Denies the bairn he got!
Or lea's the merry a -- e he loe'd
To wear a ragged coat!
An' wha'll, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John
I wonder what ye mean,
To lie sae lang i' the mornin'
And sit sae late at een?
Ye'll bleer a' your een, John,
And why do ye so?
Come sooner to your bed at een,
John Anderson, my jo.
John Anderson, my jo, John,
When first that ye began,
Ye had as good a tail-tree
As ony ither man;
But now its waxen wan, John,
And wrinkles to and fro;
I've twa gae-ups for ae gae-down,
John Anderson, my jo.
I'm backit like a salmon,
I'm breastit like a swan;

My wame it is a down-cod,
 My middle ye may span:
 Frae my tap-knot to my tae, John,
 I'm like the new-fa'n snow;
 And it's a' for your convenience
 John Anderson, my jo.
 O it is a fine thing,
 To keep out o'er the dyke;
 But its a meikle finer thing,
 To see your hurdies fyke;
 To see your hurdies fyke, John,
 And hit the rising blow;
 It's then I like your chanter-pipe,
 John Anderson, my jo.
 When ye come on before, John,
 See that ye do your best;
 When ye begin to haud me,
 See that ye grip me fast;
 See that ye grip me fast, John,
 Until that I cry, "Oh!"
 Your back shall crack or I do that,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye're welcome when ye please;
 It's either in the warm bed,
 Or else aboon the claes:
 Or ye shall hae the horns, John,
 Upon your head to grow;
 An' that's the cuckold's mallison,
 John Anderson, my jo.

YE'SE GET A HOLE TO HIDE IT IN.
 TUNE-Waukin' of the fauld.

O WILL ye speak at our town,
 As ye came frae the fair?
 An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
 Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;
 Will ye speak at our town
 As ye come frae the fair,
 Ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
 Will haud it a' and mair.
 O haud awa your hand, Sir,
 Ye gar me ay think shame;

An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get, &c.

O haud awa your hand, Sir,
Ye gar me ay think shame;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
An' think yoursel at hame.
O will ye let abee, Sir;
Toots! now, ye've rivi my sark,
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get, &c.

O will ye let abee, Sir;
Toots! now, ye've reft my sark;
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Whare ye may work your wark.
O haud awa your hand, Sir,
Ye're like to pit me daft;
And ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
And ye'se get, &c.

O had awa your hand, Sir,
Ye're like to put me daft;

An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it warm and saft.
O had it in your hand, Sir,
Till I get up my claes,
An' ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get, &c.

O had it in your hand, Sir,
Till I get up my claes;
And ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it frae the flaes.

DUNCAN MACLEERIE.

TUNE- Jocky Macgill.

DUNCAN Macleerie and Janet his wife,
They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife;
But instead of a knife, they coft but a bleerie;
We're very weel saird, quo' Duncan Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie has got a new fiddle
 Its a' strung wi' hair, and a hole in the middle;
 An' ay when he plays on't, his wife looks sae cheary,
 Very weel done, Duncan, quo' Janet Macleerie.
 Duncan he play'd 'till his bow it grew greasy;
 Janet grew fretfu', and unco uneasy.
 Hoot, quo' she, Duncan, ye're unco soon weary;
 Play us a pibroch, quo' Janet Macleerie.
 Duncan Macleerie play'd on the harp,
 An' Janet Macleerie danc'd in her sark;
 Her sark it was short, her c--t it was hairy,
 Very weel danc'd, Janet, quo' Duncan Macleerie.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
An' she gaed o'er the muir to spin;
She feed a lad to lift her leg,
They ca'd him Duncan Davidson.
Fal, lal, &c.

Meg had a muff and it was rough,
Twas black without and red within;
An' Duncan, case he got the cauld,
He stole his Highland p---e in.
Fal, lal, &c.

Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
And Duncan strak tway handfu' in
She clasp'd her heels about his waist,
"I thank you Duncan! Yerk it in!!!"
Fal, lal, &c.

Duncan made her hurdies dreep,
In Highland wrath, then Meg did say;

O gang he east, or gang he west,
His ba's will no be dry to day.

O SAW YE MY MAGGY.

TUNE-Saw ye na my Peggy.

O SAW ye my Maggy,
Saw ye my Maggy,
Saw ye my Maggy,
Comin o'er the lea?
What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
That ane may ken her be?
Wry -c----d is she,
Wry -c----d is she,
Wry -c----d is she,
And pishes gain' her thie.
My Maggy has a mark,
You'll find it in the dark;

It's in below her sark,
A little aboon her knee.
What wealth has your Maggy,
What wealth has your Maggy,
What wealth has your Maggy,
In tocher, gear, or fee?
My Maggy has a treasure,
A hidden mine o' pleasure,
I'll howk it at my leisure,
It's a' alane for me.
How meet ye your Maggie,
How meet ye your Maggie,
How meet ye your Maggie,
When nane's to hear or see?
Een that tell our wishes,
Eager, glowing kisses,
Then diviner blisses,
In holy ecstacie!

How loe ye your Maggie,
How loe ye your Maggie,
How loe ye your Maggie,
And loe nane but she?
Heavenly joys before me!
Rapture trembling o'er me!
Maggie I adore thee,
On my bended knee!!!

THEY TOOK ME TO THE HALY BAND.
TUNE-Clout the Cauldron.

THEY took me to the haly band,
For playing bye me wife, Sir;
And lang and sair they lectur'd me,
For hadin' sic a life, Sir.
I answer'd in na mony words,
"What deel need a' this clatter;
"As lang as she cou'd keep the grip
"I aye was m---g at her."

THE PLOUGHMAN.

THE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
His mind is ever true, jo;
His garters knit below the knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Sing up wi't a', the ploughman lad,
And hey the merry ploughman;
O' a the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.
As wakin' forth upon a day,
I met a jolly ploughman;
I tald him I had lands to plough,
If he wad prove true, man.
Sing, &c.

He says, my dear, tak ye nae fear,
I'll fit you till a hair, jo;
I'll cleave it up, and hit it down,
And water-furrow't fair, jo.
Sing, &c.

I hae three ousen in my plough,
Three better ne'er plough'd ground, jo
The foremost ox is lang and sma',
The twa are plump and round, jo,
Sing, &c.

Then he wi' speed did yoke his plough,
Which by a gaud was driven, jo!
But when he wan between the stilts,
I thought I was in heaven, jo!
Sing, &c.

But the foremost ox fell in the fur,
The tither twa did founder;
The ploughman lad he breathless grew,
In faith it was nae wonder.
But a sykie risk, below a hill,
The plough she took a stane, jo,
Which gart the fire flee frae the sock,
The ploughman gied a grane, jo.
Sing, &c.

I hae plough'd east, I hae plough'd west
 In weather foul and fair, jo;
 But the fairest ploughing e'er I plough'd
 Was ploughing amang hair, jo.
 Sing up wi't a', and in wi't a',
 And hey my merry ploughman;
 O a' the trades, and crafts I ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

HOW CAN I KEEP MY MAIDENHEAD.
 TUNE-The Birks o' Abergeldie.

HOW can I keep my maidenhead,
 My maidenhead, my maidenhead;
 How can I keep my maidenhead,
 Amang sae mony men, O.
 The Captain bad a guinea for't,
 A guinea for't, a guinea for't;
 The Captain bad a guinea for't,
 The Colonel he bad ten, O.

But I'll do as my minnie did,
 My minnie did, my minnie did;
 But I'll do as my minnie did,
 For siller I'll hae nane, O.
 I'll gie it to a bonie lad,
 A bonie lad, a bonie lad;
 I'll gie it to a bonie lad.
 For just as gude again O.
 An auld moulie maidenhead,
 A maidenhead, a maidenhead;
 An auld moulie maidenhead,
 The weary wark I ken, O.
 The stretchin' o't, the strivin' o't,
 The borin' o't, the rivin' o't,
 And ay the double drivin' o't,
 The farther ye gang ben, O.

DAINTY DAIVY.

O LEEZE me on his curly pow,
Bonie Davie, dainty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my dainty Davie.
Being pursu'd by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down,
And weel I wat he was worth his room
My ain dear dainty Davie.
Leeze, &c.

My minnie laid him at my back,
I trow he lay na lang at that,
But turn'd, and in a verra crack
Produc'd a dainty Davie.
Leeze, &c.

Then in the field amang the pease,
Behin' the house o' Cherrytrees,

Again he wan atweesh my thies,
And, splash! gaed out his gravy.
Leeze, &c.

But had I goud, or had I land,
It should be a' at his command;
I'll ne'er forget what he pat, i' my hand
It was a dainty Davie.
Leeze, &c.

THE MODIEWARK.

TUNE-O for ane an' twenty Tam.

THE modiewark has done me ill,
And below my apron has biggit a hill;
I maun consult some learned dark
About this wanton modiewark.
An' O the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark;
I maun consult some learned dark
About this wanton modiewark.

O first it gat between my taes,
Out o'er my garter niest it gaes;
At length it crap below my sark,
The weary wanton modiewark.
An' O, &c.

This modiewark, tho' it be blin';
If ance its nose you lat it in,
Then to the hilts, within a crack
I'ts out o sight, the modiewark.
An' O, &c.

When Marjorie was made a bride,
An' Willy lay down by her side,
Syne nocht was hard, when a' was dark
But kicking at the modiewark.
An' O, &c..

ANDREW AN' HIS CUTTIE GUN.

BLYTHE, blythe, blythe was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;

An' weel she lo'ed it in her nieve,
 But better when it slippit in.
 When a' the lave gaed to their bed,
 And I sat up to clean the shoon,
 O wha think ye cam jumpin' ben,
 But Andrew and his cuttie gun?
 Or e'er I wist he laid me back,
 And up my gamon to my chin;
 And ne'er a word to me he spak,
 But liltit out his cutty gun.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

The bawsent bitch she left the whalps,
 And hunted round us at the fun,
 As Andrew fodgel'd wi his a -- e,
 And fir'd at me the cuttie gun.

Blythe, blythe, &c.

O some delights in cuttie stoup,
 And some delights in cuttie-mun,

But my delights, an a - - elins coup,
 Wi' Andrew an' his cuttie gun.
 Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben;
 An' weel she loed it in her nieve,
 But better when it slippit in.

THE MILL, MILL-O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still, O;
 A lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her wi' good will, O:
 Her bosom I prest; but sunk in her rest
 She stir'dna my joy to spill, O
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept
 And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill, O.
 Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land
 T'employ my courage and skill, O,
 Frae her quietly I saw, hoist sails and awa
 For the wind blew fair on the billow.

Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
fame

Tald me with a voice right shrill, O,

My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,

Nor kend wha had done her the ill, O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
I ferlyin' speir'd how she fell, O.

Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,

Sweet Sir, gin I can tell, O.

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,

And bad her a' fears expel, O,

And nae mair look wan, for I was the man

Wha had done her the deed mysel, O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,

Beneath the Shilling hill, O;

If I did offence, I'll make ye amen's

Before I leave Peggy's mill, O.

O the mill, mill, O, an' the kill, kill, O,
 An' the coggin' of the wheel, O;
 The sack an' the sieve, a' that ye maun
 leave,
 An' round with a sodger reel, O.

ORIGINAL SET.

AS I came down yon water side,
 And by yon Shillin hill, O;
 There I spied a bonny lass,
 A lass that I loed right weel, O.
 The mill, mill, O, and the kill, kill, O,
 An' the coggin' o' Peggy's wheel, O,
 The sack an' the sieve, a' she did leave,
 An' danc'd the millars reel, O.
 I spier'd at her, gin she cou'd play,
 But the lassie had nae skill, O;
 An' yet she was nae a' to blame,
 She pat it in my will, O,
 The mill, &c.

Then she fell o'er, an' sae did I,
 An' danc'd the millars reel, O,
 Whene'er that bonny lassie comes again,
 She shall hae her ma't ground weel, O.
 The mill, &c.

O GAT YE ME WI' NAITHING.

TUNE-Jacky Latin.

GAT ye me, O gat ye me,
 An' gat ye me wi naething;
 A rock, a reel, a spinning wheel,
 A gude black c -- t was ae thing.
 A tocher fine, o'er muckle far,
 When sic a scullion gat it;
 Indeed, o'er muckle far gudewife,
 For that was ay the fau't o't.
 But had your tongue now, Luckie Lang,
 O had your tongue and jander,
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander;

I tint my whistle an' my sang,
I tint my peace an' pleasure;
But your green grave now, Lucky Lang,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

O CAN YE LABOUR LEE, YOUNG MAN.
TUNE-Sir Arch. Grant's Strathspey.

O CAN ye labour lee, young man,
O can ye labour lee;
Gae back the road ye cam again,
Ye shall never scorn me.
I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi arle pennies three;
But a' the fau't I had to him,
He coudna labour lee.
An' can ye, &c.
A stibble rig is easy plough'd,
An' fallow land is free;

But what a silly coof is he,
 That canna labour lee.
 An can ye, &c.
 The spretty bush, an' benty knowe,
 The ploughman points his sock in,
 He sheds the roughness, lays it by,
 An' bauldly ploughs his yokin'.
 O can ye, &c.

OUR JOHN'S BRAK YESTREEN.
 TUNE-Gramachree.

Twa neebor wives sat i' the sun,
 A twynin' at their rocks,
 An' they an argument began,
 An' a' the plea was c -- ks:
 Twas whether they were sinnens strang,
 Or whether they were bane?
 An' how they row'd about your thumb,
 An' how they stan't themlane?

First, Raichie gae her rock a rug,
 An' syne she claw'd her tail;
 "When our Tam draws on his breeks,
 "It waigles like a flail:"
 Says Bess, "they're bane I will maintain
 "And proof in han' I'll gie;
 "For our John's it brak yestreen,
 "And the margh ran down my thie."

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE night her silent sable wore,
 An' gloomin' was the skies;
 O' glitt'rin' stars no more appear'd
 Than those in Nelly's eyes:
 When at her father's gate I knock'd,
 Where I had often been;
 Shrouded only in her smock,
 She rose an' loot me in.
 Fast lock'd within my fond embrace,
 She tremblin' stood asham'd;

Her glowin' lips an' heaving breasts,
 At every touch enflam'd;
 My eager passion I obey'd,
 Resolv'd the fort to win;
 An' she, at last, gave her consent
 To yeild an' let me in.
 O then! what bless beyond compare,
 I knew no greater joy;
 Enroll'd in heavenly happiness,
 So bless't a man was I;
 An', she, all ravish'd with delight,
 Bad me aft come again,
 An' kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
 She'd rise an' let me in.
 But ah! at last, she prov'd wi' bairn,
 An' sat baith sad an' dull,
 An' I wha was as much concern'd
 Look'd e'en just like a fool;
 Her lovely eyes wi' tears ran o'er,
 Repentin' her rash sin;

An' ay she curs'd the fatal hour
 That e'er she loot me in.
 But, who cou'd from such beauty go,
 Or yet from Nelly part;
 I lov'd her dear, an' cou'dna leave
 The charmer of my heart,
 We wedded and conceal'd our crime,
 Then all was weel again,
 An' now she blesses the happy night
 She rose an' loot me in.

GIE THE LASS HER FAIRIN'.
 TUNE-Cauld kail in Aberdeen.

O GIE the lass her fairin' lad,
 O gie the lass her fairin',
 An' something else she'll gie to you,
 That's waly worth the wearin';
 Syne coup her o'er amang the creels,
 When ye hae taen your brandy,
 The mair she bangs the less she squeels,
 An' hey for houghmagandie.

Then gie the lass a fairin' lad,
 O gie the lass her fairin',
 An' sh'ell gie you a hairy thing,
 An' of it be na sparin';
 But coup her o'er amang the creels,
 An' bar the door wi' baith your heels,
 The mair she gets the less she squeels;
 An' hey for houghmagandie.

POOR BODIES DO NAETHING BUT M-W.
 TUNE-The Campbells are commin'.

WHEN princes an' prelates,
 An' hot-headed zealotes,
 A' Europe had set in a low, a low,
 The poor man lies down,
 Nor envies a crown,
 But comforts himsel' wi' a m-, a m - w.
 An' why shou'd na poor bodies m - w, m - w, m - w;
 An' why shou'd na poor bodies m - w;

The rich they hae siller, an' houses, an' land,
 Poor bodies hae naething but m - w.
 When B---s---k's great prince
 Gade a cruizin' to France,
 Republican billies to cow, cow, cow;
 Great B---s---k's strang prince
 Wadda shown better sense,
 At hame wi his prin--ss to m - w, m - w, m - w.
 And why, &c.

The E - p---r swore
 By sea an' by shore,
 At Paris to kick up a row, a row;
 But Paris ay ready,
 Just leugh at the laddie,
 An' bade him gae hame an' gae m - w, m - w, m - w.
 An' why, &c.

When the brave duke of Y - - k
 The Rhine first did pass,

Republican armies to cow, cow, cow,
 They bade him gae hame,
 To his P---ss---n dame,
 An' gie her a kiss an' m - w, a m - w.
 An why, &c.

Out over the Rhine,
 Proud P -- ss - a did shine,
 To spend his last blood he did vow, vow vow;
 But F - - d---k had better,
 Ne'er forded the water,
 But spent as he dought at a m - w, a m - w.
 An' why, &c.

The black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height an' o'er howe, howe, howe,
 In the braes of Gemap,
 He fell in a trap,
 E'en let him come out as he dow, dow, dow.
 An' why, &c.

When Kate laid her claws,
 On poor St---l -- s,
 An' Poland was bent like a bow, a bow;
 May the diel in her a---e,
 Ram a huge p---k o' brass,
 An' d -- n her to h - ll wi' a m - w.
 An' why, &c.

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

TUNE-Bab at the bowster.

WE'LL hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 For fear o' the auld gudeman, O.
 The cooper o' Cuddy cam here awa,
 He ca'd the girrs out o'er us a',
 An' our gude wife has gotten a fa',
 That anger'd the silly gudeman, O.
 We'll hide, &c.

He sought them out, he sought them in
 Wi' diel hae her, an' diel hae him;
 But the bodie he was sae doited an' blin',
 He wist na whare he was gaun, O.
 We'll hide, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 An' swears that there they shall stan', O.
 We'll hide, &c.

THERE CAM A CADGER.

TUNE-Clout the Cauldron.

THERE cam a cdger out o' Fife,
 I wat na how they ca'd him;
 He play'd a trick to our gudewife,
 When fient a body bad him.
 Fal lal, &c.

He took a lang thing stout and strang,
 An' strack it in her gyvel;
 An' ay she swore she fand the thing
 Gae borin' by her nyvel.
 Fal lal, &c.

KEN YE NA OUR LASS BESS.
 TUNE-Auld Sir Symon.

O KEN ye na our lass, Bess?
 An' ken ye na our lass, Bess?
 Between her lily white thies
 She's bigget a magpie's nest.
 An' ken ye na our lad, Tam?
 An' ken ye na our lad, Tam?
 He's on o' a three-fitted stool,
 An' up to the nest he clamb.
 An' what did he there, think ye?
 An' what did he there, think ye?
 He brak a' the eggs o' the nest,
 An' the white's ran down her thie.

WHA THE DEIL CAN HINDER THE WIND TO
BLAW.

TUNE-Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

IT fell about the blythe new-year,
When days are short and nights are lang,
Ae bonie night, the starns were clear,
An' frost beneath my fit-stead rang;
I heard a carlin cry, "relief!"
Atweesh her trams a birkie lay;
But he wan a quarter in her beef,
For a' the jirts the carlin gae.
She heav'd to; and he strak frae,
As he wad nail'd the carlin thro';
An' ilka f--t the carlin gae,
It wad hae fill'd a pockie fou:
Temper your tail, the young man cried,
Temper your tail by Venus' law!
Double your dunts, the dame replied,
Wha the deil can hinder the wind to blaw.

NAE HAIR ON'T.

TUNE-Gillicrankie.

YESTREEN I wed a lady fair,
An ye wad believe me,
On her c -- t there grows nae hair,
That's the thing that grieves me.
It vex'd me sair, it plagu'd me sair,
It put me in a passion,
To think that I had wed a wife,
Whase c -- t was out o' fashion.

WE'RE A' GAUN SOUTHIE O.

TUNE-The merry lads of Ayr.

CALLUM cam to Campbell's court,
An' saw ye e'er the make o't;
Pay'd twenty shillings for a thing,
An' never got a straik o't.
We're a gaun southie O,
We're a gaun there;

An' we're a' gaun to Mauchlin fair.
To sell our pickle hair.
Pay'd twenty shillings for a quine,
Her name was Kirsty Lauchlan;
But Callum took her by the c--t,
Before the laird o' Mauchline.
We're a', &c.

Callum cam to Kirsty's door,
Says, Kirsty are ye sleepin'?
No sae soun as ye wad trow,
Ye'se got the thing ye're seekin'.
We're a', &c.

Callum had a peck o' meal,
Says, Kirsty will ye draik it?
She whippet of her wee white-coat,
An' birket at it nakit.
We're a', &c.

Bonie lassie, braw lassie,
Will ye hae a soger?

Then she took up her duddie sark,
An' he shot in his Roger.
We're a', &c.

Kind kimmer Kirsty,
I loe wi' a' my heart, O',
An' when there's ony p-----s gaun,
She'll ay get a part, O.
We're a', &c.

JOCKEY WAS A BONNY LAD.
TUNE-John Roy Stewart's strathspey.

MY Jockey is a bonny lad,
A dainty lad, a merry lad,
A neat sweet pretty little lad,
An' just the lad for me.
For when he o'er the meadows stray,
He's ay sae lively ay sae gay,
An' aft right canty does he say,
There's nane he loes like me.

An' he's ay huggin', ay dawtin',
 Ay clappin', ay pressin',
 Ay squeezin', ay kissin',
 An' winna let me be.
 I met my lad the ither day,
 Friskin' thro' a field a hay;
 Says he, dear Jenny, will ye stay,
 An' crack a while wi' me.
 Na, Jockey lad, I darena stay,
 My mither she'd miss me away;
 Syne she'll flyte an' scauld a' day,
 An' play the diel wi' me.
 But Jockey still continued, &c.
 Hoot! Jockey, see my hair is down,
 An' look you've torn a' my gown,
 An' how will I gae thro' the town,
 Dear laddie tell to me.
 He never minded what I said,
 But wi' my neck an' bosom play'd;
 Tho' I intreated, begg'd an' pray'd
 Him no to touzle me,

But Jockey still continued
 Huggin', dawtin', clappin', squeezin'
 An' ay kissin', kissin', kissin',
 Till down cam we.
 As breathless an' fatigued I lay,
 In his arms among the hay,
 My blood fast thro' my veins did play
 As he lay huggin' me;
 I thought my breath wou'd never last,
 For Jockey danc'd sae devilish fast;
 But what cam o'er, I trow, at last,
 There diel ane kens but me.
 But soon he weari'd o' his dance,
 O' a' his jumpin' an' his prance,
 An' confess'd without romance,
 He was fain to let me be.

MY AIN KIND DEARY.

I'LL lay thee o'er the lee-rig,
 Lovely Mary, deary, O;

I'll lay thee o'er the lee-rig
 My lovely Mary, deary, O.
 Altho' the night were ne'er so wet
 An' I were ne'er so weary O!
 I'd lay the o'er thee lee-rig
 My lovely Mary, deary, O.
 Altho' the night, &c.
 Look down ye gods from yonder sky,
 An' see how blest a man am I;
 No envy my fond heart alarms,
 Encircled in my Mary's arms.
 Lyin' across the lee-rig,
 Wi' lovely Mary, deary, O;
 Lyin' across the lee-rig,
 Wi' my ain kind deary, O!
 Altho' the night, &c.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER.

TUNE-[In Johnson's] Scots songs, vol. V, page 494.

ALTHO' my back be at the wa,
 An' tho' he be the fau'tor;

Altho' my back be at the wa',
 I'll drink his health in water.
 O wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawly's he cou'd flatter.
 I for his sake I'm slighted sair.
 An' drees the kintra clatter;
 But let them say whate'er they like,
 Yet, here's his health in water.
 He follow'd me baith out and in,
 Thro' a' the nooks o' Killie;
 He follow'd me baith out an' in,
 Wi a stiff stanin' p - llie.
 But when he gat atween my legs,
 We made an unco splatter;
 An' haith, I trow, I soupled it,
 Tho' bauldly he did blatter;
 But now my back is at the wa',
 Yet here's his health in water.

ACT SEDERUNT O' THE COURT O' SESSION.

TUNE-O'er the muir amang the heather.

IN Embrugh town they've made a law,

In Embrugh at the court o' session;

That stanin' p---ks are fau'tors a',

An' guilty o' a high transgression.

Decreet o' the court o' session.

Act sederunt o' the session.

That stanin' p---ks are fau'tors a',

An' guilty o' a high transgression.

An' they've provided dungeons deep,

Ilk lass has ane in her possession;

Until the fau'tors wail an' weep,

They their shall lie for there transgression.

Decreet o' the court of session,

Act sederunt o' the session,

The rogues in pouring tears shall weep,

By act sederunt o' the session.

BLYTH WILL AN' BESSIE'S WEDDING.

TUNE-Roy's wife.

THERE was a weddin' o'er in Fife,
An' mony ane frae Lothian at it;
Jean Vernor there maist lost his life,
For love o' Jamie Howden at it.
Blyth Will an' Bessie's weddin',
Blyth Will an', &c.

Had I been Will, Bess had been mine,
An' Bess an' I had made the weddin'.
Right sair she grat, an' wet her cheeks,
An' naithing pleas'd that we cou'd gi' her;
She tint her heart in Jeamie's breeks,
It cam nae back to Lothian wi' her.
Blyth, &c.

Kate Mackie cam frae Parlon craigs,
The road was foul twixt that an' Couper

She shaw'd a pair o' handsome legs,
When Highland Donald he o'er took her.
Comin' o'er the moor o' Couper,
Comin' o'er the moor o' Couper,
Donald fell in love wi' her,
An' row'd his Highland plaid about her.
They took them to the Logan steps,
An' set them down to rest thegither,
Donald laid her on her back,
An' fir'd a Highland pistol at her.
Comin' &c.

Lochleven Castle heard the rair,
An' Faukland house the echo sounded;
Highland Donald gae a stare,
The lassie sigh'd, but was nae wounded.
Comin', &c.

Tamie Tamson too was there,
Maggie Birnie was his dearie,

He pat it in amang the hair,
An' puddled there till he was wearie.
Blyth, &c.

When e'enin' cam the town was thrang,
An' beds were no to get for siller;
When e'er they fand a want o' room.
They lay in pairs like bread an' butter.
Blythe, &c.

Twa an' twa they made the bed,
An' twa an' twa they lay the gither;
When they had na room enough,
Ilk ane lap on aboon the tither;
Blythe, &c.

AS I LOOK'D O'ER YON CASTLE WA'.
TUNE-Cumnock psalms.

AS I look'd o'er yon castle wa',
I spied a gray goose an' a gled;
They had a feight between them twa,
An' o' as their twa hurdies gaed.

Wi' a hey ding it in, an' a how ding it in
An' a hey ding it in, its lang to day.
Fal lary tele, tale, lary tale,
Fal lary tal, lal lary tay.
She heav'd up, and he strack down,
Between them twa they made a m - w;
That ilka fart that the carlin gae,
Its four o' them wad fill'd a bowe.
Wi' a hey, &c.

Temper your tail, the carlin cried,
Temper your tail by Venus' law;
Gird hame your gear, gudeman, she cried,
Wha the deil can hinder the wind to blaw.
Wi' a hey, &c.

For were ye on my saddle set,
An' were ye weel girt in my gear,

Gin the wind o' my a - - e blow ye out o' my c -- t,
 Ye'll never be reckon'd a man o' wier.
 With a hey, &c.

He plac'd his Jacob whare she did piss,
 An' his b---s whare the wind did blaw,
 An' he grippet her fast by the gushet o' her a -- e,
 An he gae her c -- t the common law.
 With a hey, &c.

LOGAN WATER.

THE Logan burn, the Logan braes,
 I helped a bonie lassie on wi' her claes;
 First wi' her stockings an' syne wi' her shoon,
 But she gied me the glaiks when a' was done.
 But an I had kend, what I ken now,
 I wad a bang'd her belly fu';

Her belly fu' and her apron up,
An' shew'd her the road to the Logan kirk.

THE COOPER O' DUNDEE.

TUNE-Bonny Dundee.

YE coopers and hoopers attend to my ditty,
I sing o' a cooper wha dwelt in Dundee;
This young man he was baith am'rous and witty,
He pleas'd the fair maids wi' the blink o' his e'e.
He was nae a cooper, a common tub-hooper,
The most o' his trade lay in pleasin' the fair;
He hoopt them, he coopt them, he bort them, he
plugt them,
An' a' sent for Sandie when out o' repair.

For a twelvemonth or sae this youth was respected,
An' he was as bisie as weel he could be;
But bis'ness increas'd so, that some were neglected,
Which ruin'd trade in the town o' Dundee.
A baillie's fair daughter had wanted a coopin',
An' Sandie was sent for, as oft time was he,
He yerkt her sae hard that she sprung an end-
hoopin',
Which banish'd poor Sandie frae bonny Dundee.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T.
TUNE-East nook o' Fife.

O WHA my babie clouts will buy?
O wha will tent me when I cry?

O wha will kiss me where I lie,
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't?
O wha will own he did the faut?
O wha will buy the groanin' maut?
O wha will tell me how to ca't,
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't?
An' when I mount the creepie chair,
O wha will sit beside me there?
Just gie me Rab, I ask nae mair
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't,
O wha will crack to me my lane?
An' wha will mak me fidgin' fain?
O wha will kiss me o'er again,
But the rantin' dog the daddie o't?

JENNY MACCRAW.

TUNE-The bonny moor-hen.

JENNY Macraw was a bird o' the game,
An' mony a shot had been lows'd at her wame;

Be't a lang bearing arrow, or the sharp-rattlin' hail,
Still whirr! she flew off wi' the shot in her tail.

Jenny Macraw to the mountains she's gaen,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has taen;
My head now, and heart now, quo' she are at rest,
An' for my poor c -- t, let the deil do his best.

Jenny Macraw on a midsummer morn,
She cut off her c--t and she hang't on a thorn;
There she loot it hing for a year and a day
But, oh! how look'd her a---e when her c---t was
away.

THERE'S HAIR ON'T.

TUNE-Push about the jorum.

O ERE yestreen I stented graith,
An' labor'd lang an' sair on't;
But fient a work, na work wad it,
There's sic a crap o' hair on't.
There's hair on't, there's hair on't,
There's thretty thrive an' mair on't;
But gin I live to anither year,
I'll tether my grey naigs on't.
An' up the glen there rase a knowe,
Below the knowe a lair on't,
I maist had perish'd, fit an' horse,
I could na see for hair on't.
There's hair on't, &c.
But I'll plant a stake into the flowe,
That ploughmen may tak care on't;

An' lay twa steppin'-stanes below,
An' syne I'll cowe the hair on't.
There's hair on't, &c.

SODGER LADDIE.

I ONCE was a maid, tho' I canna tell when,
An' still my delight is in proper young men;
Some one of a troop of dragoons was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.
The first of my lovers was a swagg'rin blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight, and his cheek was sae ruddy,
Transported I was with my sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the soul, and I risked the body,
Twas then I prov'd false to my sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
The regiment at large for a husband I got;
From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

But the peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old body at a Cunningham fair;
His rags regimental, they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at my sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

An' now I have lived-I know not how long,
An' still I can joy in a cup or a song;
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
steady,
Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
Sing, lal de lal, &c.

O GIN I HAD HER.

TUNE-Saw ye na my Peggy.

O GIN I had her,
Ae gin I had her,
O gin I had her
Black altho' she be.
I wad lay her bale,
I'd gar her spew her kail;
She ne'er soud keep a mail,
Tell she dandl'd it on her knee.
She says, I am light
To manage matters right,

That I've nae might, or weight
 To fill a lassie's ee;
 But wad she tak a yokin',
 I wad put a c -- k in;
 A quarter o't to slocken,
 I wad frankly gie.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

LET me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me to be my dear,
 An' then your every care and fear
 May whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am a fiddler to my trade,
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was whistle o'er the lave o't.
 At kirns an' weddin's we'se be there,
 An' O! sae nicely's we will fare;
 We'll bouse about, till Daddie Care
 Sing whistle o'er the lave o't.
 I am, &c.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' fun oursells about the dyke,
An' at our leisure when ye like,
We'll whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
An' while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms,
May whistle o'er the lave o't.

I am, &c.

THE LASSIE GATH'RING NITS.

TUNE-O the broom.

THERE was a lass, and a bonie lass,
A gath'ring nits did gang;
She pu'd them heigh, she pu'd them laigh,
She pu'd them whare they hang.
Till tir'd at length, she laid her down,
An' slept the wood amang;

Whan by there cam three lusty lads,
Three lusty lads an' strang.
The first did kiss her rosy lips,
He thought it was nae wrang;
The second lous'd her bodice fair,
Fac'd up wi' London whang.
An' what the third did to the lass,
Is no put in this sang:
But the lassie wauken'd in a fright,
An' says, I hae slept lang.

THE LINKIN' LADDIE.

TUNE-Push about the jorum.

WAES me that e'er I made your bed!
Waes me that e'er I saw ye!
For now I've lost my maidenhead,
An' I ken na how they ca' ye.
My name's weel kend in my ain countrie,
They ca' me the linkin' laddie:

An' ye had na been as willing as I,
Shame fa' them wad e'er hae bade ye.

TAIL TODLE.

TAIL todle, tail todle;
Tammie gart my tail todle;
At my a -- e wi' diddle doddle,
Tammie gart my tail todle.

Our gudewife held o'er to Fife,
For to buy a coal-riddle;
Lang or she came back again,
Tammie gart my tail todle.

Tail, &c.

When I'm dead I'm out o' date;
When I'm sick I'm fu' o' trouble;
When I'm weel I step about,
An' Tammie gars my tail todle.

Tail, &c.

Jenny Jack she gae a plack,
Helen Wallace gae a boddle:

Quo' the bride, its o'er little
For to mend a broken doddle.
Tail, &c.

JOHNIE SCOTT.
TUNE-O the broom.

WHARE will we get a coat to Johnie Scott,
Amang us maidens a' ?
Whare will we get a coat to Johnie Scot,
To mak the laddie braw:
There's your c -- t hair, and there's my c -- t - hair.
An' we'll twine it wondrous sma';
An' if waft be scarce, we'll cove our a -- e,
To mak him kilt an' a'.

DUNCAN GRAY.
CAN ye play me Duncan Gray,
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't;

O'er the hills an' far awa,
 Ha, ha, ha, the girdin' o't.
 Duncan came our Meg to woo,
 Meg was nice an' wadna do,
 But like anither puff'd an' blew
 At offer o' the girdin' o't.
 Duncan, he cam here again,
 Ha, &c.
 A' was out, an' Meg her lane,
 Ha, &c.
 He kiss'd her butt, he kiss'd her ben,
 He bang'd a thing against her wame;
 But, troth, I now forget its name;
 But, I trow, she gat the girdin' o't.
 She took him to the cellar then,
 Ha, &c.
 To see gif he cou'd do't again,
 Ha, &c.
 He kiss'd her ance, he kiss'd her twice,
 An' by the bye he kiss'd her thrice,

Till deil a mair the thing wad rise,
To gie her the long girdin' o't.
But Duncan took her to his wife,
Ha, &c.
To be the comfort o' his life,
Ha, &c.
An' now she scauls baith night an' day,
Except when Duncan's at the play;
An' that's as seldom as he may,
He's weary o' the girdin' o't.

I AM A BARD.

TUNE-A' that, an' a' that.

I AM a bard of no regard,
Wi' gentle fo'ks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
I've wife eneugh for a that.

I never drank the muses' stank,
Castalia's burn, an' a' that.
But there it streams, an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.
Great love I bear to a' the fair,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly Will, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.
In rapture sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love, an' a' that
But for how lang the flie may stang,
Let inclination law that.
For a' that, &c.
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear the decks, an' here's the sex
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that;
An' twice as muckle's a' that;
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a that.

HE TILL'T AND SHE TILL'T.
TUNE-Maggie Lauder.

He till't, and she till't,
An' a' to make a lad again;
The auld beld carl
When he wan on to nod again.
An' he dang, an' she flang,
An' a' to mak a laddie o't,
But he bor'd and she roar'd,
An' coudna mak a lassie o't.

MY WIFE'S A WANTON WEE THING.

My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
My wife's a wanton wee thing,
She winna be guided by me.

She play'd the loon or she was married,
She play'd the loon or she was married,
She play'd the loon or she was married
She'll do it again or she die.

She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
She sell'd her coat and she drank it,
She row'd hersel in a blanket,
She winna be guided for me.
She mindit na when I forbad her,
She mindit na when I forbad her,

I took a rung and I claw'd her,
An' a braw good bairn was she.

MADGIE CAM TO MY BED-STOCK.
TUNE-Clout the cauldron.

MADGIE cam to my bed-stock,
To see gif I was waukin;
I pat my han' atweesh her feet,
An' fand her wee bit maukin.
Fal, lal, &c.

C---t it was the sowen-pat.
An' p---e was the ladle;
B----ks were the serving-men
That waited at the table.
Fal, lal, &c.

TWEEDMOUTH TOWN.

NEAR Tweedmouth town there liv'd
three maids,
Who used to tope good ale;
An' there likewise liv'd three wives,
Who sometimes wagged their tale:
They often met, to top an' chat,
And tell odd tales of men;
Crying, when shall we meet again an'
again,
Crying when shall we meet again.
Not far from these liv'd three widows,
With complexions wan an' pale,
Who seldom used to tope an' bouse,
An' seldom wagged their tale.

They sigh'd, they pin'd, they griev'd,
 they whin'd,
 An' often did complain,
 Shall we, quo they, ne'er sport or play
 Nor wag our tails again, an' again.
 Nine northern lads with their Scots plaids
 By the Union, British call'd,
 All nine-inch men, to a bousing came,
 Wi' their brawny backs an' tald.
 They all agreed, to cross the Tweed
 An' ease them of their pain;
 They laid them all down,
 An' they f -- k'd them all round,
 An' cross'd the Tweed again, an' again.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.
 TUNE-Lass if I come near ye.

WHA is that at my bower door?
 O wha is it but Findlay:
 Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here
 Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye, sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo Findlay;
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
Gif I rise an' let you in,
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me waukin' wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
In my bower if ye should stay,
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
Here this night if ye remain;
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
What may pass within this bower,
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
Ye maun conceal till your last hour.
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

COME COW ME MINNIE.

TUNE-My mither's ay glowrin' o'er me.

COME cow me minnie, come cow me;
Come cow me minnie, come cow me;
The hair o' my a -- e is grown into my
c -- t,

An' they canna win in for to mow me.

When Mary cam o'er the Border,

When Mary cam o'er the Border;

In troth 'twas approachin' the c -- t
of a hurchin,

Her a -- e was in sic a disorder.

Come cow, &c.

But wanton Wattie cam west on't,

But wanton, &c.

He did it sae tickle, he left nae as meikle,

As a spider wad beggit a nest on't.

Come cow me, &c.

An' was nae Wattie a blinker,
He m - w'd frae the queen to the tinkler;
Then sat down in grief like the Macedon
chief,
For want o' mae warlds to conquer.
Come cow me, &c.
But oh, what a jewel was Mary!
An' what a jewel was Mary,
Her face it was fine an' her bosom divine,
An' her c -- t it was theekit wi' glory.
Come cow me, &c.

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